

Dance Of Death

The Riot

Shadow puppets
The old man nearly died
They dance in the light from his hand
He remembers when fate was more kind
And cool summer rain soaked the land
Bells in the temple, a buddah Reclines
Meanwhile to the east and again to the north
Shiva awaits in the sand
Smooth as leather - unchained by the blade
A face made of stone will remain
Who will remember the love that we made
And hand writes a word and the word is genocide

Kill not your enemy
Love not your friend
Turning in ecstasy
We learn the dance of death

No water
One in ten survive
Cries of the damned flood the land
Another leader more dead than alive
With innocent blood on his hand
Gunfire by dayligth - murder by night
Run to the hills on the voyage of your past
Memories faded by night
Nowhere to go so they learn how to dance
Their hands speak of days left behind
Your murderer's your saviour by strange circumstance
A lesson in lies for the children of the damned

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Silent as angels
The old man survive
Serene as a statue they stand
They drink propaganda and breath cyanide
Meanwhile in Asia the rains begin again

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